I told him that it was hard to talk to someone knowing that what he was really thinking was, "Get away from me, fucking faggot." Adam said it was hard to know what people really thought, but they probably didn't think that. I said I hoped so. As for himself, I thought he was rather more complicated than he let on. Look at the effect of his accident, for one thing. He had a disability. He'd worked with schizophrenics all his life. That made him almost an eccentric. An eccentric loser, he said.

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During my first fall at the House I worked with Adam when the manager was on vacation. Adam's wife was away on some kind of training course. Some mornings he was mysteriously late. He'd apologize for leaving me on my own and say he'd been out walking. He didn't seem like the type to contemplate nature, alone at 8 o'clock in Ossington. He had something on his mind. I wonder if he was already contemplating it. Perhaps he was only thinking of quitting. At the very least he had had to deliberate whether or not to come to work in the morning. It had required conscious decision, and resolve.

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Adam and I were working in the kitchen with Michael.